HEROIC INCIDENTALS.

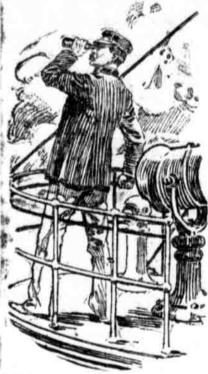
Some Side Lights on the American Fighting Man.

HOW HE ACTS WHEN HIS MAD IS UP

mes, as In the Case of Wainwright, He Displays Audacious Courage-Valiant ombatants-A Surgeon and a Chapiain Who Unflinchingly Faced Bullets.

Overshadowed by the larger events of the war, there are some minor happenings which should not be overlooked or forgottan. They are the martial side lights which illuminate unexpected and surprising traits of the American fighting man. They show us that in all sorts of odd conditions our boys in blue are ready to rise to unheard of heights of

These incidental heroics will form the most fascinating features of the yet



LIEUTENANT COMMANDER WAINWRIGHT ON THE BRIDGE OF THE GLOUCESTER.

to be written history, although when the serious minded man of facts comes to tell of how we thrashed the Spanish in 1898, he will probably relegate them to the footnotes.

As satisfying as any of these incidentals is the account of the part taken in the naval engagement off Santiago by the little converted yacht Gloucester. With nothing more formidable than 6 pounder guns Lieutenant Commander Richard Wainwright steamed right into the thick of the muss. When the big Spanish battleships sailed out of the harbor, he began peppering away at them, like a boy with a putty blower tackling an armored knight. The appearance of the two formidable torpedo boat destroyers Pluton and Furor, those long, grim terrors with which the Spanish boasted that they would wipe our entire navy from the seas, was the occasion which Wainwright eagerly seized for distinguishing himself.

Ignoring the fact that a single shell his own tiny craft, he went for the Pluton and Terror as a wasp does for a lion. having requested to be assigned to duty His activity was met with a storm of missiles of all kinds but although the water around his boat was churned into Tonin by an iron shower he kept hammering away and getting into closer quarters with his antagonists. During the entire action he stood on the bridge and directed the fighting of his boat. With some help from the rest of the fleet he pounded away until both the destroyers were shattered hulks.

It was one of the most remarkable exhibitions of andacious bravery in naval annals. Probably no ship ever fought such an unequal fight and came off victorious. Of course it is too much to claim that Wainwright alone was restroyers, but it is wonderful enough that his boat should have taken any part in such a battle of giants. It is a fact, moreover, that the well directed fire from his 6 pounders did much to boil all about the Spaniard. disable both the Pluton and the Terror.

But the pavy is not winning all the glory by any means. The army is far of some of those dashes which the vol-



SURGEON CHURCH WORKING UNDER FIRE. unteers made up hill against storms of Mauser bullets will forever drown the old cries of "tin soldiers" which in days past were shouted after national guardsmen.

Even some of the noncombatants have perpetrated heroics. There was Surgeon Church, that young Washington doctor who calmly walked out between the firing lines at Juragua and dressed the wound of a fallen trooper with the Mauser bullets purring and whining all

The wounded man was a private of Troop E who had made a dash toward the enemy and had been hit hard by a bullet. The place for surgeons is well back of the firing line. But that wasn't where Surgeon Church was. He had worked up until he was in the very He saw the man fall and went to his aid. Said Sergeant Ousler of the regular army in describing the

"The coolness of that young fellow is never half been told. While he was ng an examination of his wo

lege mate of Church at Princeton, yelled over to him from a distance of about 20 feet-he was in with half a dozen fellows doing sharpshooters' work from behind a cluster of bushes—to ask how badly the patient was hurt. The young surgeon looked over his shoulder in the direction whence the private's voice proceeded, and he saw his former chum

grinning in the bushes.
"'Why, you whelp,' said Church with a comical grin on his face, 'how dare you be around here and not be kill-

"Then he went on fixing the wounded man, and he remained right there with him until the arrival of the litter that he had sent to the rear for."

There is a story of a chaplain, too, which should be preserved. The scene was located on the hill overlooking Camp McCalla. Four of the marines killed in the first day's skirmishing were to be buried. Chaplain Jones of the Texas had come ashore to perform the solemn service.

One of the bodies was that of Dr. Gibbs, and he was buried dressed in the clothes, all booted as he was, he wore at the moment when the Mauser bullet crashed his brain. Some marines grouped themselves about the grave, and at the head of it stood the chaplain of the Texas. He had just begun to read the office for the dead, beginning, "I am the resurrection and the life," when a volley of musketry from the bushes brought every one to attention.

The marines threw themselves upon the grass, with rifles cocked, one eye on the enemy and the other on the open graves, but the chaplain stood erect, continuing his solemn service. The bullets whistled around him, but there was no tremor in his voice, and he moved his position only a step or two to one side. He read the service as calmly and as reverently as though he were in the peaceful cemetery near the church where he once preached not far from Pittsburg, and when he pronounced the last words he turned calmly and went to his place seemingly not realizing that of those who can get them and the despair he had stood both in the presence of death and in the certainty of it.

To hark back to the naval heroes, there is Ensign Powelson, whose work in this war will surely be rewarded sooner or later. Powelson first attracted attention during the Maine inquiry. It



the bent armor plates that fastened the he was transferred to the St. Paul, he under his old commander, Captain Sigs-

It was the intention of the navy department to use the St. Paul as a scoutship, but she was provided with a few guns just as a matter of form. Captain Sigsbee determined to use these guns and waited for a chance. At last it came. He was snooping around off the harbor of San Juan when the Spanish torpedo boat destroyer Terror and the

cruiser Isabel came out to eat him up. You will remember that the thrashing was reversed. After exchanging a few shots the Isabel sneaked back under the protection of the forts. The Terror was not fortunate enough to get away in time. She was still nearly five miles from the St. Paul when she saw her mistake and concluded to let the Yankee live, but the St. Paul steamed straight for her and began making the water

The Terror managed to turn tail without injury, but as she was running for shore a 5 inch shrapnel shell struck from being short of heroes. The stories her fair in the stern. For a single shot it did a terrific amount of damage. Two of her funnels were knocked down, her deckhouse was smashed, two engineers were killed, and 11 were injured. Besides this the engines were disabled, and in making its adieu the shell punched

a big hole in the Terror's bottom plates. This shot was fired at a distance of 3,500 yards away. The man in charge of the gun crew was Ensign Powelson, and the gunner was a hero of the name of Hartman. Hero? Well, if a man who can plant a shot where he wants it at a distance of 4% miles is not a hero, will

you please tell me who is? And yet the tale is not half told. Many things happen away off at the front which are not heard of for weeks afterward. Some of them may never be told in print at all, but from these brief and unsatisfactory samples you may gather a faint idea of the kind of fighting man an American makes when his mad is really up.

OYRUS SYLVESTER. A Nice Little Order.

A man who had "got on" in life and rapidly amassed a large fortune, on furnishing a new and luxuriously fitted house, suddenly discovered, to his great distress, that he had omitted the "harmless necessary" library. He went to a local shop and ordered a supply of books. "What are your particular tastes?"

asked the bookselller. "Oh, I've go hideas about the matter," was the reply. "You're a bookseller-you ought to know all about it. I simply ask you to provide me with a

library "And you have no preference?" "No, but wait a second. I 'ave a preference. There's a man whose books ought to 'ave. Now, bless me, what's is name? Shake-Shakes-Shakes some-

"Shakespeare," suggested the book-

all he's written, and see that any new books he may write are ordered for me immediately."-Pearson's Weekly.

FASHIONS OF NEW YORK

They Display the Characteristic Trait of Fickleness.

PLAIDS STILL IN HIGH FAVOR.

The New Fall Goods In Silk and Woo Are Wonderfully Handsome-Rich Stuffs of Satin and Velvet With Designs Wrought In Silver and Gold.

[Copyright, 1828, by American Press Asso-

Fashion holds to her feminine prerogn tive of changing her mind as often as she likes. Only a little while ago she said, "I am just as tired as anything of plaids, and I won't have any more of the hateful things." Now she has taken a diametrically opposite course and says: "Plaid? I always liked it. It is so stylish." And now plaid is out before our eyes again. But it must be said that the new designs

are really handsome. The prevailing tones are dark and the lines are indistinct, and there are often pieces where the figure is wrought in raised threads on a soft twilled ground. In these the pattern is generally arge, and no effort is made to reproduce clan plaids. There are often small blocks of two colors made in fours, these overlaid with lines large enough to more than cover the four blocks. I notice, too, many new ideas in dull

stripes, some of them quite wide. These stripes all run up and down. Some of them have the looped effect, though rather closer than ever before. The plaids in some designs have portions of the design in the looped weave, and others have spaces looking as if they had been "darned by a darned poor darner," as one clerk expressively said. He meant that the stitches were far apart and irregular and some of them showed little knots on the surface. But the stuff is handsome, especially when in two and three distinct shades of gray The rich corded poplins and other cord-

ed fabrics in all wool and silk and wool are most beautiful and will be the delight

There are several very lovely soft woolens for winter wear now ready. Some of them have the shimmering shade of the back of a mole. Others are beaver colored, and all the shades of gray are produced. The nickel and platina and silver gray are the prettiest. The thick cashmere with the fleecy underside is to be featured, and it deserves it. Amazon cloth, broadcloth, tanpeline and poplin, silk poplin, wool poplin, reps in all the possible varia-

new stuffs. This leaves still to mention the ever growing list of crepons and the rough surfaced goods put out as novelties of this cason. The cheviots, coverts, cravanette endorss and mobair faucies are all standard-or is it called staple? Anyhow, like the poor, they are always with us, with slight changes from year to year. Very many fine patterns of costly stuffs are produced with patterns upon them requiring certain treatment, like double or triple skirts, panels, etc. Others have all the design disposed in such a way as to require the princess shape, and that, it is confidently affirmed, will be immensely popular this fall and winter for all sorts of gowns. The deep lace application flounces are provided only for the princess shape.

After the princess the most popular skirt, from present indications, will be that where the upper part fits like a glove around the hips nearly to the knee, where the shaped flounce is set. There are no gathers in the back at all, nor folds, the whole effect being wrought by darts. These skirts open at the left side with stitched straps or tabs. It is a pity that all dresses do not fasten in the same way, or at least that is what I think as I travel up and down the earth and notice the awful sights I see as the plackets in the backs of skirts come open when the wearers move, and particularly when they grasp the skirts and draw them to one side. You may see anything, from a pair of corset laces to a bustle or a piece of white calico, or perhaps a red flannel petticoat. Sometimes the lifting of the skirt shows a dainty ruffled silken affair at the bottom and a piece of cheap cambric at the top. A clean white muslin skirt plainly hemmed is far nicer than such a palpable

I stopped one young girl once to tell her



GOWNS FOR EARLY FALL.

ter class when the time comes. These materials are now in the hands of the swell dressmakers and are being made up for the wise ones among the Four Hundred, These goods are for the most part mixtures of silk and wool. The wool is a

intervals of from a thirty-second to a six-teenth of an inch, and these cords are of slik. The preschee of the slik through the body of the wool and of the wool through the fills cord gives to each a luster and 'dead fine" weave, with heavy cords at the allk cord gives to each a luster and bloom that are indescribably rich. In black it is the most beautiful fabric that I have ever seen. There are other superb stuffs in wool and silk where it is all smooth with no overlying cords, and others where

the cords are waved and zigzagged across.

The prunella is one of these new fabries, and already one finds in these swell houses elegant tailor gowns made of it. It is very glossy, even more so than the finest satin, being mixed of silk and fine natural Australian wool. This is also functions. cravanetted or rendered waterproof in the weaving or some rocess of its manufac-ture. This makes it impervious to all hanges in the weather, and that means

that it never puckers or draws at the seams or sags or bedraggles, no matter to what rough storms it may be exposed. Some of the handsomest of these black tailor made costumes have combination. of plain or ribbed waterproof poplins and silks, for silks—some of them—are reade For instance, there is a skirt of the prunella reaching to about 16 inches of th bottom. The rest is a sprung flounce, with a heading of fine passementerie, or in

ome cases a design in the thick stiff Vene tian, Genoese or Irish point lace. One gown being finished for Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, who is now in Newport having ont, who is now in Newport having good time while the rest of us are hav ing anything but a good time in New York, is made in this way. It is of dark gray prunella and trimmed, as I said, with eavy lace. There is a close bodice of cerise plush pointed deeply in the back, but rounded off short in front. The gray s cut in shape of an open jacket, scallop along the front and cut away in the back in two scallops to show the plush. The sdges are trimmed with the lace applica-tion. The sleeves are very tight to the top, where the shoulders are squared with scalloped caps and two ruffles of very dark gray taffeta. Ruffles of taffeta are put along the fronts of the bodice and a fine point lace tie made into a jabot filled in the front. The sleeves extend to the point so much liked by many women, as t makes the hand look smaller. A parasol of cerise silk with white applique lace bor-der goes with this gown, which is intend-ed for some special outdoor use, probably

coaching or ceremonious visiting.

Some of the prettiest of the new black goods are duplicated in colors and some where there are thick cords have black cording over a colored surface. This is exceptionally handsome where black and plum, black and red, black and ground-black and pale sky blue are the combinablack and red, black and green or tions. The diagonal twill in the black waterproofed wools makes up beautifully for useful gowns, and as they catch no dust and cannot get wet they are extra valuable. Rough and ready gowns are made of these, and they may be untrim med or garnished with braid of any pre-

That reminds me that all the best braids are now shrunken, and so if they do get wet they do not pucker the garment they trim. Several rows of heavy south put around the skirt of one black twill gown and several more on the waist and sloeves. The waist was left open with flat revers of black faille, to wear over a white

ers would have made kindling wood of guilt on Spain. When war was declared, them. I hope I shall not belong to the lat- and she gave me a withering look and said, "If you had been minding your own old business, you wouldn't have seen it."

Since then I content myself with looking and saying nothing. But nothing can excuse such gross carelessness, unless it is writing about fashions. There are some magnificent stuffs shown for the millionairesses for their reception

Pale blue moire with an applique of silver and white velvet and lace makes a fabric too splendid to Imagine. Peking silks show stripes of real gold tissue with dainty rococo stripes between. Sometimes these have fine brocaded flowers in antural colors. Satin, faille, peking stripes, taffets and all the heavy corded silks in blacks and colors are shown. Satin duchesse faille and moire will, I think, be most popular for all but the most ceremonlous

Senators' Funerals.

The first time any part of a decess senator's funeral expenses was paid out of public funds was on the occasion of the death of John Gaillard of South Carolina, who died Feb. 26, 1826. Two other sen ators died that year-Nicholas Van Dyk of Delaware, May 19, and Joseph McIl vaine of New Jersey, Aug. 19. The average public expense incurred on account of three deaths was \$292.47.

Within the next 23 years-from 1826 t 1847, inclusive-27 senators died, and the remains of 11 of them were interred at the government's expense. The average expenditure in those cases was \$618.80. From 1848 to 1867, inclusive, 28 senators died, and 19 of them were buried by the senate at an average expenditure of \$1,-865.13. The record from 1869 to 1894 shows 30 deaths in the senate, and all but five of these were the occasion of more or less outlay of public money, the aggregate amounting to \$68,849.96, an average of \$2,754.—North American Review.

"Mr. Addemup," said Mr. Spotcash severely, to the bookkeeper, "I have spoken to you before of your careless nanner of smoking in the office. You threw a lighted match in the wastebasket a little while ago and it set a lot of papers on fire. Such work as that might start a big blaze some day, '

"It was heedless," replied the book keeper. "I will see that the office boy keeps that wastebasket emptied here after. "-Chicago Tribune.

He-There is Miss Glover over there She is superb. She is considered perfeetly formed.

She-But very imperfectly informed

-Boston Transcript.

keep animals on the roofs of the houses. ject to the disease. A calf makes its first appearance on the roof and never descends until it comes down as beef.

If we moved our less proportionately as fast as an ant, it is calculated we could travel nearly 800 miles an hour.

E. C. Blanks, of Lewisville, Texas, writes that one box of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve was worth \$50 to him. It cured his piles of ten years standing. He advises others to try it. It also cures eczema, skin disease and obstinate sores. E. C. Miller, East End Phar. F. P. Shansfelt & Co., and Frank J. G. Miller, East End Phar. F. P. Shansfelt & Co., and Frank J. G. Shansfelt and Fisher's drug store.

FEARLESS OF FEVER.

YELLOW JACK CAN'T TOUCH HOOD'S REGIMENT OF IMMUNES.

Than One Thousand Soldiers Who May Be Sent Anywhere In Fever Cursed Cuba Without Danger of Contracting the Dread Disease—A Stalwart Commander.

Our volunteer army is unique in many respects, but perhaps next to Roosevelt's rough riders its most unusual feature is Colonel Hood's regiment of immunes. It is the first regiment of the kind ever organized. It comprises 1,038 men, and every one of them is immune to yellow fever.

The word immune, of course, is here used in a restricted sense, for a man who has survived an attack of smallpor or any other disease which you may have but once is immune to that partic ular malady. In the southern states however, where the dreaded yellow jack overshadows all other epidemics an immune is understood to be a person who has had yellow fever.

Colonel Duncan Norbert Hood, with whom the idea of an immune regiment originated and who has raised and now commands the organization, knows all about yellow fever. He is a native of New Orleans, and most of the members of his family, including his father, mother, grandmother and sister, have been carried off by the disease. He himself has lived through it and therefore fears it no longer.

But Colonel Hood knows that Cuba i the home of yellow jack, and early in the war he realized that even if the volunteers could manage to escape its ravages during the active campaign there would come a time when troops would have to be stationed at posts which had been for years hotbeds of the disease It was with this idea that he urged the governor of Louisiana to recruit such a regiment. But the governor was opposed. He had promised to give the national guardsmen first chance and there was no room for the immunes.

Undismayed by this obstacle Colonel Hood went to influential friends and secured an interview with President Mc-Kinley. The chief executive enthusiastically indorsed Colonel Hood's plan and gave him a commission on the spot. The president took up the matter of immune regiments with Senator Caffery and the war department and soon an appropriate bill was introduced by the house military committee providing for the recruiting of ten regiments of yellow fever immunes, the maximum number of each regiment to be 1,038.

In the meantime Colonel Hood re turned to Louisiana and began recruit



COLONEL DUNCAN N. HOOD. ing. He had not the slightest difficulty

in securing a full complement and at last accounts his regiment was encamped on the shores of Lake Pontchartrain. exactly opposite New Orleans. In the operations at Santiago there has been no nrgent necessity for the presence of the immunes, for yellow fever has not been raging on the hills of the southern shore, but with the beginning of the assault on Havana the immunes will be

That Colonel Hood was fully entitled to his commission there is not the slightest doubt, for he is a graduate of West Point, although he did not see fit to enter the regular army when he had completed his course at the Military academy. He is by profession a mining engineer, having been graduated at the Columbia School of Mines.

After leaving West Point in the spring of 1896 he made an extended tour of the south and Central America and the West Indies, visiting Venezuela, Panama, Colon, Jamaica and other West Indian islands, and then returned to the United States through the republic of Mexico. Previous to offering his services to Governor Foster of Louisiana he was in New York prosecuting his studies in mining engineering preparatory to going to South Africa, where he has a consin engaged in that profession at the magnificent salary of \$50,000 per

Colonel Hood is six feet in height and weighs 180 pounds, and that he is a muscular, all round athlete may be deyears. A more rugged appearing officer could scarcely be found anywhere else in the army. termined by the fact that he played on in the army.

He comes of a fighting family too. His father was the late Lieutenant General John Bell Hood, the famous Confederate officer who refused to live in Kentucky after that state failed to secede from the Union. The field officers of Colonel Hood's regiment are all college men.

As for the rank and file of the im munes, they have been gathered from all sections of the country, many having traveled from distant points to join Colonel Hood's command. Every private has wrestled with yellow jack and has come off victor, so that there is not a It is the custom in Lima, Peru, to man in the regiment who would be sub-

JOHN F. WILLOUGHBY

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